

THE
HISTORIE

Henry the Fourth

As he was crowned at Westminster

By the King and Lord Henry

and his Council

By William Shakespeare

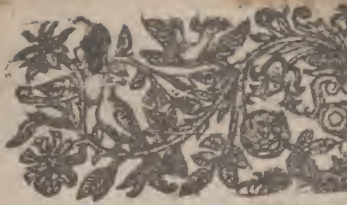
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The Hi

Henry th

Enter the King, Lord Job

Westmerland,

King.



O shaken as we are, fo
Finde we a time for fi
And breache short w
To be commenc't in

No more the thirsty entrance o
Shall dawbe her lips with her
No more shall trenching War
Nor bruise her flowers with th
Of hostile pases : those oppose
Which like the Meteors of a t
All one nature, of one substanc
Did lately meete in the intestin
And furious close of ciuill bute
Shall now in mutuall wel-bese
March all one way, and bee no m
Against acquaintance, kindred a
The edge of Warre, like an ill-
No more shall cut his Master :
As farre as to the Sepulchre of
Whose souldier now, vnder wh
We are impressed and engag'd
Forthwith a power of English
Whose armes were moulded in
To chase these Pagans in those
Ouer whose acres walkt those b